The strength to walk and work alone.

Now, tho' I fear you wish me done,
I'll venture to go further on,
And add to this prolonged narration,
Needed parochial exhortation.
By all that God has for us wrought,
Thro' labor, prayer and prudent thought,
I pray you well your part sustain.
As you are His, His house maintain.
Watch o'er yourselves; to stray we're prone,
Esteem His dwelling as your own;
Nor His sent-servant ere deny
What heart and hand, with will, supply.
Your Rector would you have to stay,
Leave him no need to go away;
Shelter and sustenance, at least,
Are always due a parish priest.
Secure him dwelling, near; lest poor,
He wander oft from door to door.
If scarce the product of the field,
If vested funds no income yield,
When people's means are barely spent,
Pastors may be distressed for rent.
But if the church a home possess,
To shelter him; though troubles press,
Retain'd thereby, he serves the time,
And comforts all with grace divine.

Altho' what each can do is small,
Much may be done by aid of all.
Once to this duty well aroused,
Your Rector surely will be housed.

God's blessing on you now I crave,
"O Lord convert them all, and save!"
Clear every mind; cheer ev'ry heart.
Resolved to duty, let us part.
Then shall this parish ever be
From debts and from dissensions free;
And here all generations see
Good Rectors and Snug Rectory.

FIFTH ANNUAL LETTER

TO THE

WORSHIPPERS

IN

CALVARY CHURCH,

PHILADELPHIA.

CHARLES R. BONNELL, *Rector*, No. 725 Wood Street.

GEORGE ELKINTON, *Warden and Treasurer of Calvary Association*, No. 118 Margaretta Street.

Contributions for Building a Rectory may be sent to
JOHN B. SMITH, No. 211 New Street,
GEORGE ELKINTON, No. 118 Margaretta Street,
W. M. ABBEY, No. 321 Vine Street.

THOMAS LENOX, *Sexton*, Back of the Church.

PAROCHIAL LIBRARY.

750 Volumes. Open to congregation after service on Thursday evenings.

LADIES' SEWING SOCIETY

Meets in the Library on Monday Evenings from (October to May.)

CALVARY ASSOCIATION

Meets on the evening of the Thursday after the first Sunday in each month, after service.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

9 o'clock, A. M., and 2½ o'clock, P. M.

TEACHERS' MEETING.

Friday Evening before First Sunday in the month.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

For Terms, apply to Teacher on second floor of School House, North of the Church.

CALVARY CHURCH,

PHILADELPHIA, 1st June, 1862.

TO THE CONGREGATION OF CALVARY (MONUMENTAL) CHURCH:

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS,

As this pamphlet is enlarged, to gratify your request for the "Metrical History" which was read at our last Christmas Festival, I write but briefly, and on the three subjects most needing attention, viz.—Attendance, Offerings, and Work.

I.—ATTENDANCE.

The influence which sustains and encourages Christian life, is chiefly derived through constant attendance on the services of the Sanctuary. Where there is ability for this, its neglect is a slow but certain way of losing our interest in the work of Christ. Many have become spiritually dead by long continued neglect of this duty, who yet think well of themselves, because unconscious of committing any actual sin. Let your experience say whether you have not had most joy in Christ, and less grief from worldly cares when most faithful in public worship. Remember then, that regular and constant attendance on the services of the Sanctuary, cherishes the spirit by which we enjoy the favor of God and escape the bitterness of remorse.

II.—OFFERINGS.

Weekly offerings to God, out of what His Providence gives us, is one of the surest and most profitable ways of providing for our future wants. It is sure, because God promises to prosper the bountiful and cheerful giver; it is profitable, because in the account which every one must give to God, He will look for these acknowledgements. It is unsafe to defer this duty, because life is uncertain and we are accountable for what we have to-day, not for that which we may have to-morrow. I urge the poorest persons in my congregation, to be diligent in offering to the Lord as much as they can; it is a sure way to provide against the time to come. Make Him your "safe;" join yourself with Jesus in doing good on earth, that

He may join you with Himself in the felicity of Heaven. There are many blessed promises in God's Word for those who give, and the poorest person has most need of these blessings. Yet, my dear people, this duty is neglected by most of you. I beg you to attend to it. Do you allow that it is good to receive? Do you see and feel the advantages of getting? Well—God's Word for it—it is *more* blessed to give.—Acts xx. 35. If then, we believe, let us give all we can, always; and get this greater blessedness.

III.—WORK.

Our blessed Saviour, when he gave Himself for us, expected, of course, that we should be His and do His work. Whoever is not doing it, is unprofitable to Him, and comes under the fearful condemnation, recorded for our admonition, in St. Matthew, xxv. 30. I warn everyone of the great danger of inactivity, and I ask, for my own comfort, (for I watch for your souls) that those of you who are working out of the parish, would confer with me about it, that my fears may be quieted, when I do not find you engaged in any of our parochial efforts.

Our three Sunday-schools, the Bible Class, the Calvary Association, (which is intended to promote missionary work—beginning with the neighborhood of the Church), our Parish Library, Adult School, and Ladies' Sewing Society, etc., need the sympathy, prayers and assistance of each one of us. Every one should be a helper in some way. If God gives but one talent, it is to be improved, and when He calls for our account, He will require the increase.

The Parochial Day School will be found a most valuable assistant to parents in the right training of their children.

Our Parish reports in the past year, 40 baptised; 15 confirmed; 5 marriages; 16 funerals; 124 communicants; 3 Sunday-schools; 21 Teachers; 193 Scholars. Parochial School, 1 Teacher, 12 Scholars. Church opened for service, 310 times.

The Alms Chest has supplied the means of relieving much distress. Forget it not.

A Rectory is necessary to complete the parish. This subject is referred to at the end of the following historical sketch.

As you would please Him who hath called you to His kingdom and glory; as you would secure the blessed peace which Christ

gives; and as you desire to uphold and cheer me, the minister of Christ, and your servant for Jesus' sake,

Be constant in your attendance,
Bountiful in your offerings,
Faithful in your work.

"Now, the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever.—*Amen.*"

Your Affectionate Pastor,

CHARLES R. BONNELL.

SERVICES AT CALVARY CHURCH,

FRONT AND MARGARETTA STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

SUNDAYS, (Morning,) 10½ o'clock.
" (Evening,) 7½ " and 7¾ (May—August.)
Excepting on last Sunday in the month, when service is held at 3½ o'clock in the afternoon and not in the evening. Infant Baptism is regularly administered at this time.

WEEK-DAYS, Wednesday Morning, 9 o'clock, with Exhortation on the First Lesson.
Friday Morning, 9 o'clock, ditto.
Thursday Evening, 7½ " and 7¾, Lectures.
On the morning of all the Holy Days in the Calendar, Lectures on Subjects of the Day.

THE COLLECTIONS on Sundays and at Thursday evening services are for the support of the church. Alms received at all times in the Alms-Chest.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

PARISH OF CALVARY CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA;

BEING THE

RECTOR'S ADDRESS,

Delivered to the Congregation at the Christmas Festival, 1861.

An honest man, his promise finds,
Tighter than ten injunctions binds.
Coeval with the annual sun
Tho' its cord reach, he cannot shun
The grip; but must with end of tether,
Make his fulfillment come together.
That which you lack, as here to pay
My last year's promise, I essay;
Let honesty of purpose fill.
To please you and t'inform, my will
Is good. I tell it, ere I'm spent,
That you may know, at least, 'twas meant.
"Our parish" is the theme I take,
Its rhymic history to make
Full as I can, within the time
That your indulgence and my rhyme,
Agree together. Now, please show
Some parting signal, ere you go
To slumber; and at once I'll cease.
Our parish's mothers, first, did lease
A sail-loft for its start,—which stood
At Oak and Noble,—'mid cord-wood.
In August, eighteen forty-six,
They open; in September, fix
Upon a settled course. To hear
The faithful missionary bear
His Master's message, many come;
And some who in that loft found home.
Ere six months pass'd the mission o'er,
The Bishop there "confirmed" four.
Now as the blade, and then the ear,
Tell that full corn will soon appear,

So grew this missionary fold
'Till, forced to move, (the loft was sold,)
A larger room, next May, they found,
Above the mill where spice is ground,
At Peg street and New Market. Here
Fraternal gifts begin t'appear.
"Trinity," their wants in mind,
With marble stand, for font designed,
A holy table sends. The plate,
St. Paul's, in Camden, lends. Then wait
The flock upon the heavenly feast,
Nor God disdains to feed the least.
June, 'forty-seven, was the date,
When first this fold the manna ate.

December next, they had supplied,
What youth and poverty denied,
A silver service; witness fair,
How Christ Church Bible-classes, bear
Affection; and to these fond bands,
"St. Philip's" adds a plate for alms.
Christmas, these loving tokens, first
They used.
Now haste we, for I durst
Not stay, to cull each flower, in the way;
(So lowly many lay,
They hide themselves)—wherefore excuse
Each known omission of the muse.

Save two months' space, when, forc'd by fire,
To Front near Duke they did retire,
(There friendly Methodists invite them
And give them room, the Lord requite them,)
'Till summer, eighteen fifty-two,
'Mid spicy odors, they pursue
The heavenly way with joy; and find
All things are good, if we, resigned,
Do trust God's love.
Meanwhile, a place
(On which to rear, strong and with grace,
A Temple unto God,) is bought,
By those whose means had raised and taught
The mission. With maternal care
They labored, longed, and prayed; and were
Accepted. God, the hearts of men
Did open, at their speech and pen,

Treasure and counsel were brought forth.
In Front street land they bought, just north
Of Margaretta, and prepare
Forthwith to build.
See how the air
(September 'fifty,) fills with dust
Of bricks and mortar, and the must
Of time-worn houses, rudely cast
By workmen to the autumn blast.
That winter, the first stones were laid,
On which our noble church is stayed.
Spring 'fifty-one, appears the seed,
Whence shoot and stalk and flower, proceed.
On April fourth (the day of fame,
When he was born, to whose fair name
And virtues, grateful hearts made here
A monumental pile appear)
The corner-stone was laid.
How sweet
The song that then arose, where meet,
In prayer and praise, and counsel wise;
The Bishop and the flock. How rise
The timid; and how soar the strong,
From hope to full fruition.
Long
Indeed, they'd waited; so it seemed
Then to them; but the top-most stone,
E'en aged ones who that day stood among
The happy throng, saw raised.
The main
Promoters of the work, 'twere vain
T'attempt their feelings, as they stood,
In quiet thankfulness and blessed God.
These fostering mothers, whom, before,
I've spoke; a missionary corps
Associated in Christ Church,
No work which they could do, did lurch.
Quite fully at this rhyme's first close,
I made their labors known in prose,
With words, which (lit by my desires,)
Kindled within you, grateful fires.
Our mutual flame did language find
In worthy "Resolutions signed
By all.
But to return. Still met

This flock in Peg street; while as yet
The church rose slowly, and revealed,
The beauty in rough stones concealed.

When summer's sun of 'fifty-two
In zenith stood; they bid adieu
To Peg street room and mission. Glad
Were all t'escape: yet thoughtful, sad,
Were some who dwelt on mercies had.
Bare walls, roofed in; a spacious floor,
With chairs and benches scattered o'er,
The church in fragrant newness, stands;
When, grateful, enter their glad bands,
The holy ground; freed from the soil,
And busy sound of worldly toil.

'Twas Sunday, fourth July; Eighteen
Fifty-two. How happy they, and keen
Their joy, as sweet "Venite" swept
O'er every heart-chord. If they wept,
'Twere well. Oh happy, endless joy,
To praise our Saviour God; t'employ
Our all and best, for Him, confest
Head over all; forever blest.
The "mission" now a "church," behold.
The "flock," as "congregation" fold.
Unfurnished yet, the place appeals
To all, and each the suffering feels.

When August ends, their longing eyes,
The oaken pulpit see arise.
Children of Christ Church Sunday school,
Supply the means. How kind the rule
Of charity. With November,
Comes the Font; you all remember
The generous donor, Mrs. Burd:
She now takes rest, and in the Word,
We're told her works shall follow her.

Spring, 'fifty-three: uncommon stir
The Church displays. T'adorn its walls
The painters come, and scaffolds tall
Rise on all sides. Tho' great the price;
'Twas fully paid. On that advice
Th'apostle gave, who bid the fair
Of outward ornaments beware,

A female band, the sum supplied:
—For others sewed—themselves denied—
And plaits and golden trinkets scorning,
In good works found their best adorning.

December, from the marble yards,
The tablet brings, which your regards
So oft receives. Fair as it stands,
With mourning border, it commands
A reading; then, a life that's right,
Like that of good old Bishop White,
Whom God enabled, and whom, here,
In blessed mem'ry we revere.

Ere service first in church begun,
The bell was in the tower hung;
From Sunday Schools the gift we own,
Love paid the bill, and gave the tone.
Our organ, purchased, was brought down
From St. Luke's Church in Germantown.
The Alms-chest, given by the hand
That made it in the passage stand,
A tribute claims; 'tis the poor's purse;
Those who neglect it fare the worse.
I cannot tell you if I would,
Each donor's name. Nor is it good
Thus to make known, that, which concealed
Brings richer blessing when reveal'd
By God Himself; who will at last,
To light bring every thing that's past.

In order meet, nave, chancel, choir,
Appear within. But yet, a spire
Without, is wanting. Thus we see
The Church, as closes 'fifty-three.
All Holy-time, each sacred rite
Is duly kept. With armor bright,
In "*daily* service," down from Lent,
One year the zealous Pastor spent.
Of him, with care, (as living near,)
To speak I venture. With the year
Of 'fifty-four, our present date,
He ceased his labors in this State.
'Twas not his pleasure, but the sway
Of duty. He had gained from God,
Much favor in the path he trod,

And still his sphere extended; but his heart
Grew sad that it could not impart
To all, the interest which he felt
In this *Free* Church; for thus was dealt
The Gospel here from first. He toil'd
And pray'd, and wept, and still was foil'd.
When call'd,—he linger'd,—his fond mind
No other spot so dear could find.

Oh had his flock the earnest power,
As they had will, to meet that hour,
This day had found him house'd, I ween,
Where e'er their rectory was seen.
So firm were bound this church and he,
That "Mr. Smith" may ever be
Its Rector called. May each one prove
By equal works, an equal love.

In January, 'fifty-five,
The Bishop and the mothers strive
To fill his place, and make it good.
That month, the Reverend Christman stood,
To lead the flock; with heavenly food
To feed them; to go in and out,
As minister and steward. Stout
Stood he, (against infirmity
Of health, which press'd him) full two years.
Three times of note within this space,
The faithful chronicler must trace.

September, 'fifty-six. Now rears
The spire, and St. Peter's scholars
Pay the cost—One thousand dollars.
Complete, 'twas lifted from the ground,
Till in the place where now 'tis found.
October twelfth, the bridal day,
Long pray'd for comes. Now, on their way,
With sacred psalm, in due array,
Bishops and clergy fill the aisle,
And consecrate the seemly pile
To God forever. And that hand
Shall wither, which would break the band.
The Sermon, Dr. Bowman* preach'd,

*The same when Bishop made,
Here *first* in confirmation, laid
On Hands.

Is printed, and thus may be reach'd
By all.
Seven Bishops, and two score
Of other clergy on the floor,
With layfolk packed from door to door,
Th' occasion kept. First, "Potter" spoke,
Our chief. Then "Muhlenberg" awoke
Fond mem'ries of the dead. Last, "Meade,"
Virginia's bishop, cast the seed.
Henceforth, the church is pledged to prove
A faithful wife; who, in Christ's love,
Shall train his children for "above."

May twenty-eighth in 'fifty-seven,
(So thoroughly had spread the leav'n,)
The parish freed from all detention,
Admitted, stands within "Convention."
"Calvary Church," henceforth its name;
Like Calvary, its work the same—
The Cross of Christ to bear, and show
The heavenly antidote of woe.
By open charter, all may see,
It stands irrevocably—FREE.

True love for Christ will meet this test,
Give earth to labor, Heaven take for rest.
Thus, while on earth the Free-church style
Is "Give and labor all the while."
But this theme, which at any time
I will commend, needs not our rhyme,
Since reason, clearly, will without it,
Convince, by God's Word, all who doubt it.

While yet
The crowning mercy shone, regret
For loss of Rector, cast a cloud
Upon the church. With sorrow bow'd
They parted. He, in genial clime,
Where bloom the orange and the lime,
Sought health. They follow'd him with prayers,
And likewise, sought one, to stand where
He lately stood. The're heard eft soon,
For their third pastor came in June.
He stands before them now. Four years
And sev'n months, God has his fears
Reliev'd. Yet, still he calls in vain
On many lost. Ah! with what pain

He chides the careless; seeks the stray'd,
(For his own soul sometimes dismay'd.)
Yet *in* the Lord he does, and will
Rejoice; for by those waters still,
Which from the throne do flow, to make
God's children glad; for Jesus' sake,
A place is his.

Now, you would hear
The events our later annals bear,
Which I with interest may relate.
May twenty-second, 'fifty-eight,
The Church an "Ordination" saw
Within it. Three bowed to the law
Of Holy Orders. Your Lector
Then was priested and made Rector.
Same year, this parish-house was built:
No debts to it impart their guilt.
The first step in this work, so blest,
Was made by one, now gone to rest.
Who knew him ere he went to sleep,
The name of Lewis Smith, will keep
Belov'd; and joy, that he can reap
The seed he sowed. This church he served
For Christ when living, and prefer'd
To it the portion on his life
Insured, when dead; happy his strife,
Who so foil'd death, that tho' he'd gone
Down to the grave, his work went on.

Now bears the Church a matron's pride,
Her school-house daughter at her side,
Whose ample rooms are well designed
For parish work of every kind.
Here, to be taught, our children come;
'Tis here the Sexton finds his home,
And here eight hundred books (well nigh,)
The parish-library supply.
The first room that within we see,
The Rector's is. The Library
Is next above; and there to sew,
In Winter ev'ngs, ladies go.
Next to your left, on the same floor,
A school-room 's found; above, two more:
One for a reading-room designed,
Declares our philanthropic mind.

On Sundays, three schools here are seen,
A day-school in the week between;
And here, at merry Christmas call,
The festive board is spread for all.

But now attend, a mournful lay:
The echo of the second day
Of April 'sixty. Our sad gaze
The lifeless form of him, whose praise
Is here declared, then met. In life
He loved you, and 'twas in the strife
Of death, ere yet he fail'd, that he
Asked funeral rites at Calvary.
These honors paid, we took him where
His father' bones were laid, and there
"Christman" lies sleeping, till the ground
Shall at the mighty trump resound.
His books bequeath'd to us, while seen,
Shall here preserve his mem'ry green.
Thus joy and sorrow, gain and loss
Alternate come; but soon our cross
A crown shall end in. O then live
As Christians should—to bear and give.

One more event to hear, delay;
The account shall compensate your stay.
When earth, last May, began to feel
The breath of Spring, and to reveal
Her hidden life; out from this place,
Under the genial beams of grace,
On some, its members, there had sprung
A mission church and school; which one,
(A holy man, now resting) plan'd
Long since; but which, by our hand
God did inaugurate. As we,
The new church is designed to be;
Like begets like, and here we trace
How Providence attends on Grace:
From us, God builds, with like intent,
A Free Church and a Monument.*
Near Franklin Cemetery gate,
Its deep and strong foundations wait
This Winter's close; then shall it rise
To lead men onward t'ward the skies.
God bless this child and give it soon

*"Free church of St. John," a monument to Rev. Geo. Boyd, D. D.